



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi-Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young

W. C. Huff, Pres. W. C.  
Box B  
city



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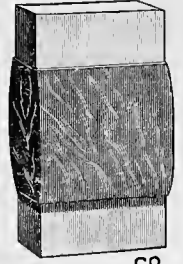
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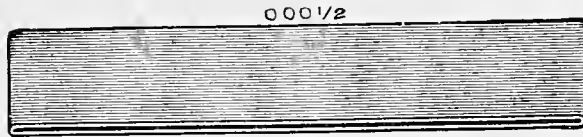


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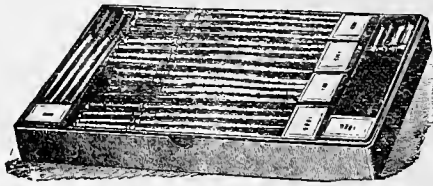
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXIX.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1894.

No. 19.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

ON the 18th of January, 1782, at Salisbury, in the State of New Hampshire, Daniel Webster, the intellectual giant of his generation, came into the world. His ancestors were of Scotch descent, and had resided in the im-

mediate vicinity from the earliest times. Young Daniel received the first rudiments of his education from his mother, who was a woman of superior intellect. She prophesied, it was said, that her son would become eminent, and lived to see him a member of Congress.

We cannot help our regrets that she



WEBSTER'S EARLY HOME.

mediate vicinity from the earliest times. His father is described as "a man of large and stalwart form, of swarthy complexion, and of remarkable features; of clear intellect, strong convictions, and indomitable will. Many of these traits survived in his illustrious son."

did not live to see him in the full meridian of his glory—a "locomotive in breeches," as Sydney Smith described him, the grandest intellect of his age, the wonder, admiration and delight of his countrymen.

To a little log school-house, situated

about a half a mile distant from the farm, Webster was occasionally sent—that is, whenever he could be spared from home. “He was the brightest in the school,” wrote the master, many years afterward, “and Ezekiel (his brother) next; but Daniel was much quicker at his studies. He would learn more in five minutes than another boy in five hours. One Saturday, I remember, I held up a handsome new jack-knife to the scholars, and said, the boy who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses in the Bible by Monday morning should have it. Many of the boys did well; but when it came to Daniel’s turn to recite, I found that he had committed so much that, after hearing him repeat some sixty or seventy verses, I was obliged to give up, he telling me that there were several chapters yet that he had learned. Daniel got that jack-knife.”

But during all the busy periods of the year, Daniel was obliged to assist his father, which rendered progress in his studies very irregular. But Daniel was bent on obtaining knowledge; he read and studied at every opportunity. It is related that while assisting his father at a little saw-mill where he worked, he always carried with him some favorite author, and while waiting for the saw to pass through the logs, which occupied about ten minutes, he employed these brief intervals by eagerly devouring the contents of the volume. And so tenacious was the memory of this remarkable man, that in the very last year of his life he was enabled to recite large portions of the works he had committed in this manner. But his books were necessarily few, and the young giant already panted for wider opportunities and a larger

field of operation. So scarce were books, that you will be surprised to learn that the great expounder of the constitution first became acquainted with that immortal instrument by perusing it, printed on a cotton pocket-handkerchief imported from England. Such are the little beginnings of some of the profoundest scholars and greatest men of the world. “Despise not the day of small things,” but let every boy remember to lay hold and make use of everything that falls in his way; if he cannot obtain books let him study newspapers; let nothing escape him what will afford him information, and opportunities will multiply as he advances along the road of life.

When Daniel had attained his fourteenth year, he spent a few months at the Phillips Academy, Exeter. Here he mastered the English grammar, and commenced the study of Latin. In his fifteenth year he passed a few months under the tuition of the Rev. Samuel Woods, a popular divine, who prepared boys for college at one dollar a week for tuition and board. Daniel was studious but somewhat regardless of the rules of the establishment. He was very fond of hunting, a passion which adhered to him until his death, and Mr. Woods, for some offense in this particular, required him to commit to memory as a punishment a hundred lines of Virgil. This was no task whatever to Daniel; and as Mr. Woods, on the next day, wanted to get away from school at the earliest moment in order to keep an appointment in a neighboring village, but before closing school was to hear the hundred lines, young Webster determined to have a little revenge. He presented himself before his master at the proper hour, book in hand, and with great fluency repeated



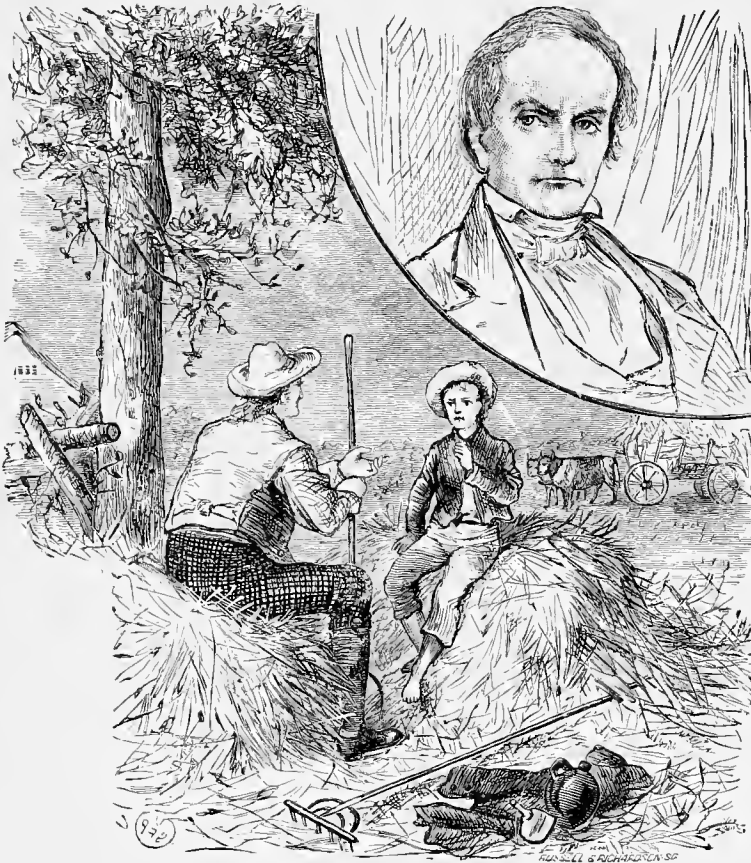
the hundred lines. His instructor commended him.

"I have a few more lines that I can recite," said the mischievous Daniel.

Mr. Woods was about to close the book, but he requested him to proceed. A second hundred lines were repeated as easily as the first.

think," replied Webster, with the greatest unconcern.

"That's enough, Dan," quickly replied the instructor, who, as matters proved, was the only one punished. "You may have the whole day for pigeon-shooting," and the disconcerted tutor made haste to escape from his pupil.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

"You are a smart boy," said Mr. Woods, preparing to depart.

"I have a few more I can recite, sir," said Daniel, quietly.

"Is it possible?" said the instructor, who was already behind hand with his engagement.

"Yes, sir; about five hundred, I

Young Webster exhibited a promise so extraordinary, and evinced an aptitude for study so remarkable, that his father, although ill able to bear the expense, determined to send him to college. In obedience with this resolve, he was sent to Dartmouth, where he graduated in 1801. Greatly impressed

with the advantages of a collegiate education, immediately upon his return home he determined to secure to his brother Ezekiel similar advantages, and in order to obtain funds for this purpose, he resolved to become a school-master. He went to Fryeburg, Me., and accepted a situation with a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and in order to increase this sum, he devoted his evenings to the laborious occupation of copying deeds for the county recorder at twenty-five cents each. It was this latter occupation that directed his attention to the study of law—he read Blackstone and other substantial works. Mr. Webster describes himself at this period as “long, slender, pale, and all eyes.” He was known around the country by the nickname of *All Eyes*. He was steady in his habits; industrious and studious, his only recreation being trout-fishing. He soon after took up the regular study of the law with Mr. Gore, and in 1805 was admitted to practice in Boston. He now rapidly advanced on a career of prosperity. He obtained practice, attracted attention and was spoken of as a rising young member of the bar. In 1822 he was elected member of Congress, and there began that grand public career which every American knows by heart. His wisdom, his statesmanship, his eloquence, his wonderful intellectual capacity do not need to be dwelt upon. It is our business simply to point out the paths by which he attained his transcendent honors.

Daniel Webster was clearly a man of enormous mental capacity but his great native endowments, unaccompanied with labor, method and determination, would never have resulted so brilliantly. “He had the genius and the inclination,” says a biographer, “to do things per-

fectly; to do everything as well as it could be done”—a very great secret of success, let us say, and we advise the reader never to let that slovenly sentiment of “make-do” get into his brain. Avoid all luke-warmness; work with zeal; do what you attempt to do with your might. “In the bright lexicon of aspiring youth there’s no such word as *fail*!” Remember that, and strike hard, strike with courage; hammer at your labor until the thing is done—and never stop short of perfection if you can help it. Webster was an early riser, and very methodical in his labors. “What little I have accomplished,” he used to say, “has been done early in the morning.” He was usually up and in his study by five o’clock; this gave him two or three hours before breakfast—two or three hours before half the world had commenced their daily tasks. His was the same plan as that pursued by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote nearly all his wonderful books in this way; frequently when his house was full of guests, he appeared at the breakfast-table after a three hours’ sitting, and in that way would write an entire romance, and yet be scarcely missed by his visitors.

Mr. Webster was passionately fond of out-door recreation; he was excessively fond of gunning, and perhaps nothing gave him greater satisfaction than a quiet day’s fishing. “In his domestic habits he was remarkable for a graceful playfulness and a complete unbending to the sportive impulse of the moment. When he arose in the morning he might be heard singing a scrap of discordant melody, much to his own amusement. He generally wound up on such occasions with the remark that if there was anything he understood well it was singing. He



had a fondness, too, of spelling out, in the most unheard-of manner, the various familiar remarks which he had occasion to utter. The lowing of a cow or the cawing of a crow has sometimes started him not only to imitate those creatures with his own voice, but nearly all the other animals that were ever heard. He was also in the habit, when in a certain mood, of grotesquely employing the Greek, Latin, and French languages, with a sprinkling of Yankee and Western phrases, in familiar conversation; and he had an amusing way of conjugating certain proper names, and of describing the characters of unknown persons by the meaning of their names. He was, withal, one of the best story-tellers in the world, and everything he related in that line had a good climax. When fishing, he used to round off sentences for future use, and many a trout has been apostrophized in imperishable prose. A couple of fine fish were passed into his basket with the following rhetorical flourish, which was subsequently heard in the Bunker Hill Oration: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this day."

Daniel Webster died on the 24th day of October, 1852, in the seventy-first year of his age.

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SHE: "Did you succeed in mastering French while abroad?"

He: "Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at, but I got so that I could understand myself when I talked French."

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### "The Lord Hath Founded Zion."

THERE have been great promises made by the Lord to Zion. The hearts of the Elders of the Church have been greatly comforted in times of distress, persecution and poverty by the encouraging words which the Lord has revealed concerning the days to come. No people that ever lived, of whom we have any account, have had more encouragement and hope given to them by the Lord than have the Saints in this dispensation. In the midst of their deepest trials they have been cheered and consoled by the Lord's gracious kindness and promises. As the years have rolled by, these promises have been fulfilled, leaving no room to doubt that those which are yet in the future will be as literally brought to pass.

As a people we have passed through scenes which, looking at the probable results from a human standpoint, were likely to end in disaster and in the destruction of the organization of the Church. But even under those circumstances the faithful people of God never wavered. They were sustained by the consciousness that God was still with them, and that His word, having been spoken, could not fail.

Who could have thought, when the Latter-day Saints reached this barren land, in the deepest poverty and distress, so far as physical comforts were concerned, that the promises which were made by the servants of God to the people concerning their future in these mountains would be so abundantly fulfilled? Fertility was promised where barrenness reigned. Fruitful fields and orchards were assured to the Saints where sterility prevailed. Plenty

was to abound where scarcity was the lot of all. Forty-seven years have brought the fulfillment of these predictions. Our land has been so changed, through the blessing of God upon the labors of the people, that it is difficult for visitors, and even for the rising generation, to realize how desolate and utterly forbidding was the land when the pioneer band, led by President Brigham Young, entered the solitary valley of the Great Salt Lake. To now stand upon an eminence in this valley, and view the beautiful landscape which stretches before the eye, makes it scarcely possible, even for those who have witnessed the change, to realize the barren silence and desolation which reigned in the first years of the settlement here.

The Lord has vindicated His people, and especially His servants whom He chose to lead His people. Today the prudence, the foresight, the skill in organization, the commanding influence of President Brigham Young are recognized and acknowledged. The writer was deeply impressed with this during the recent Irrigation Congress held in Denver. The wise measures adopted by President Brigham Young and his colleagues in settling Utah received unstinted admiration and praise. The unselfishness which was so clearly exhibited in the settlement of Utah called forth encomiums. Today the example which was set in founding Utah is quoted as the proper thing to be now done throughout all the arid regions. In Utah men did not monopolize the land. They did not secure to themselves large holdings. Only sufficient was taken up to supply the immediate wants of the cultivators of the soil. No one was excluded from his share. No one secured tracts of land

with a view to speculation. City lots were given to those only who could occupy them. None were set aside to become valuable by holding. For the five-acre, ten-acre and twenty-acre plots the men cast lots. Even the men who were members of the pioneer company secured no privileges above their fellows; they had to take their land by lot.

This plan of settling this country is now looked upon as the best possible. Those who give attention to the subject acknowledge that Utah's experience of forty-seven years has proved beyond question that small holdings are the best for the people, speaking generally; that it prevents monopoly and is favorable to the commonweal.

Our system also of settling in villages and in towns and cities, and not scattering all over the country on large farms, far removed from neighbors, is the best system that can be adopted in all this inter-mountain region. Thinking people see the advantage which such a method of settlement gives to the settler, in being able to enjoy all the social, educational and religious privileges which communities afford, and placing amusements within easy reach of the young people, so that they will not become disgusted with farm life, as is unhappily too much the case where a different policy is pursued.

In other places, where irrigation is being resorted to for the cultivation of the soil, the disposition has been and is to incur debt for the construction of dams, canals, etc. There are sections of the country where bonds to the value of millions of dollars have been issued to pay for costly works. One can imagine how heavily the burden of taxation must weigh upon the people who have the interest upon these bonds to meet.

In this respect also Utah furnishes a unique and happy example. Here the poorest men can own their water rights, and have their share in dams, canals and ditches, paying for this in their own labor. The method of co-operation, which has prevailed in this Territory on these matters, calls forth unqualified praise. The foresight and wise management of the leaders of the Latter-day Saints are now recognized, and it is freely admitted that they have been benefactors to the people.

It is pleasing, even at this late day, to have this acknowledged. The Lord is vindicating His people. He is showing the world that He is capable of inspiring men and teaching them the best methods of dealing with their fellow-men for the promotion of their welfare and happiness. This He has done to a very great extent in this Church; and He will continue to do so until every word which He has spoken and every promise which he has made concerning Zion will be fulfilled. Zion will prosper and become all that the prophets have described. "The Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it."

In connection with this subject the writer was greatly delighted to hear the manner in which Hon. J. M. Carey, member of the United States Senate from Wyoming, spoke of President Young at the Irrigation Congress, and the praise which he accorded to him for the labors he had performed in Utah. He said:

"The Territory of Utah, I am happy to say, will soon be a State, and while I differ in many things from the man who founded the Territory, I can think of him without prejudice and think of him as the great character he was. Our religious beliefs may be the oppo-

site to what he taught, yet we can but praise him as a pioneer, as a home-builder, a teacher of self-reliance. No man of all American pioneers laid firmer foundations for a great state and taught a people greater self-reliance, love of home and locality. Utah's first monument should be to Brigham Young, symbolical of industry and thrift, and of the desert by his touch being turned into civilized man's garden, rich in cereals, fruits and flowers."

*The Editor.*

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#### HIS LAST NAME.

"WHAT is your last name?" inquired a teacher of a new scholar. "Peter, ma'am," replied the small boy.

"Peter!" echoed the teacher. "What is your other name?"

"Fairbanks," responded the boy.

"Then Fairbanks is your last name, of course," said the teacher, eyeing the round-eyed, vacant faced Peter with considerable severity.

"No'm," replied the child respectfully. "My name was Fairbanks when I was born, but mother says they didn't name me 'Peter' for 'most six months."

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#### A CHILD'S PHILOSOPHY.

LITTLE Dick's mamma had found some tiny holes in a shirt which she called moth-holes. A few days afterward little Dick appeared with a very large hole in his kilt. "Why, Dick," said mamma, "what have you been doing to tear your skirt so?" "Mamma," said Dick, soberly, putting three little fat fingers through the hole and regarding it dubiously, "I think this must be a butterfly hole."

THE . . .

# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1894.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### Concerning the Holy Ghost.

WE have received a number of inquiries, from time to time, concerning the character, the mission and the personality of the Holy Ghost, and we have been requested to answer these inquiries through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

We do not think it prudent, in view of the limited amount of knowledge which has been revealed concerning the personality of the Holy Ghost, to attempt to write replies to these questions.

It is impossible for the finite mind to comprehend the infinite. Yet there are many things connected with this great subject that can be understood; and in private conversation much light can be thrown upon it which would satisfy the minds of many. We will suggest, however, that it is not wise to enter upon a discussion of questions concerning which the Lord has not seen fit to give full knowledge.

There have been many things shown to servants of the Lord at different times that have not been lawful to write, and it is left for men to exercise faith and to inquire of the Lord themselves to obtain understanding concerning many heavenly things.

### Sealing Children to Parents.

WE are asked if it is necessary for children to be sealed to their parents

under the law of adoption when one of the parents had not received the endowments at the time they were sealed for time and eternity.

The view of the First Presidency on this question is that it is the sealing ordinance which forms the covenant. Children born after the sealing ordinance has been performed by proper authority, are born in the covenant. Of course, the bestowal of the endowment adds to the blessings of the parents; but it is not the endowment, aside from the sealing ordinance, which legitimatizes (if we may use that phrase) the children and causes them to be looked upon as children of the covenant.

## KEEP TRYING.

If boys should get discouraged  
At lessons or at work,  
And say, "There's no use trying,"  
And all hard tasks should shirk,  
And keep on shirking, shirking,  
'Till the boy became a man,  
I wonder what the world would do  
To carry out its plan!

The coward in the conflict  
Gives up at first defeat;  
If once repulsed, his courage  
Lies shattered at his feet.  
The brave heart wins the battle  
Because, through thick and thin,  
He'll not give up as conquered—  
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened  
Because at first you fail;  
If you but keep on trying,  
At last you will prevail;  
Be stubborn against failure;  
Try, try, and try again;  
The boys who keep on trying  
Have made the world's best men.

THE man who said, "All's fair in love and war," is undoubtedly the man who got the best of it in both cases.

## POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Miss Twitcham's Benefit.

MISS TWITCHAM'S "flesh wounds" resolved themselves into severe injuries, attended by inflammation and fever. Her fellow lodgers were very kind to her, and the ladies alternated in watching by her bedside. There were few among them who had not at some time received favors from the improvident, untidy newspaper correspondent, and the memories of these kinnesses bore fruit in sympathetic care in her hour of need. Janet and Olive were unwearying in their attentions.

"It is dreadful, the way she lives!" Olive confided to her brother. "Only one little room, filled from the floor to the ceiling with newspapers. She sleeps on them and under them, and they fill all the chairs in the room. It is my private opinion she dines on them, when she is 'hard up.'"

To Janet the adventurous aeronaut imparted the secret of her hapless attempt at an aerial voyage.

Some letters had come, and as her bruises impaired her eyesight, she had asked the girl to read them for her. One bulky epistle proved to be a peremptory letter from the publishers of the *Puff*, enclosing a bill showing a balance due them of nearly six thousand dollars, and threatening a criminal prosecution in case she did not at once remit a considerable portion of the sum.

"The mean things!" exclaimed the lady. "They know very well that every penny of it, and thousands more that I have sent them, they never would have had due them, if it hadn't been for me. And I wouldn't be lying here on my back, if I hadn't been making an effort to pay them. The manager of the gar-

dens was going to pay me two hundred and fifty dollars for the ascent, and I meant to send them half, and tell them to 'let up' for awhile."

When the tidings of Miss Twitcham's complete financial collapse and the new trouble that threatened her were circulated through the Cave, there was at first a movement to take up a subscription for her; but when it appeared that the financial resources of the dwellers were not commensurate with their good will nor yet the purpose they desired to serve, it was decided to give her a benefit.

The plan met with cordial co-operation on all sides, for Miss Twitcham had many friends in the city. The loan of a leading theatre was promised for an "off night;" many people volunteered their services (if they could be given leading parts), and nothing was left but to find a play.

Here, to the surprise of all, Tom Seymour came to their relief. He had a play of his own, still in manuscript, one that he had written in odd moments, he said. It was not likely that it would do in the form he had it, he modestly suggested, but it might be that if some one among them with more skill and experience in matters of that kind, would take hold of it, it could be worked over into presentable shape.

The manuscript passed into the hands of the Major and Gastonberry and several of their friends, who read it with enthusiastic approval. It was at once handed to a printer.

Some of the artists, eager to do their part, commenced painting scenes. The Major and his friends, with the new playwright at his elbow, entered upon the difficult task of assigning parts.

Seymour interfered in only one instance. He insisted that the role of

the heroine should be assigned to Janet. In vain the Major, and others who knew her, pointed out to him that while she was undoubtedly a charming girl she had never displayed a particle of histrionic ability and would be certain to make a failure in the leading role. Seymour was obstinate and would not argue the point, beyond quietly asserting that Miss Duncan was his ideal of the character.

In the end he carried his point, as men are very sure to do when they stand staunchly by their colors, and let their opponents do all the fighting.

"It is sure to ruin the play," groaned the Major, in confidence to one of his friends. "Of course we shall have the people's money, and they won't ask it back, under the circumstances. But that makes it all the worse. We shall never dare to foist anything of the kind on the public again."

Janet herself was aghast at the important part assigned her. She would have refused it at the outset.

"I never, never can do it, Mr. Seymour."

"Yes, you can and will," said Tom, confidently.

"But I have never faced an audience in my life. I shall break down and cry, or do something dreadful."

"You will do nothing of the kind," averred Tom, whose faith never wavered. "My reputation, perhaps my entire future, depends upon the way you take the part. You will not fail me."

But the worst fears of the Major and his friends were confirmed at the rehearsals, where Miss Duncan walked through the part like a school girl, without the least inkling of what was required of her.

"You see I cannot do it," she said, piteously.

"Only wait until the night comes," said Tom, with undiminished faith.

But when the night came it was no better. The house was filled with an interested and appreciative audience including some of the most fashionable people, drawn thither to see the performance of a new play by a talented local author in which some of the brightest amateur talent in the city was advertised to take part. Janet peeped out at the audience, and all the small courage she had contrived to muster forsook her.

She walked on the stage in a state of abject fright. The play dealt with a simple phase of New England life, of the homely and pathetic sort, that rightly presented goes straight to the heart of an audience. Could the girl only have been her bright, natural self she might have enacted the part to perfection, but she looked shyly away from the people, spoke in tones almost inaudible, and entirely forgot her carefully planned stage business. It was only out of consideration for her sweet young face and her deprecatory air, that the gallery refrained from breaking into a storm of hisses.

"It is always the way," said the Major, awaiting his cue at one of the wings, disguised as a desperado of the most savage kind. "Dramatic ability is invariably at odds with one's own character. One can never make a success of acting a part in keeping with the natural disposition. Great comedians are the most melancholy men in the world; great tragedians with a few exceptions are men of notably calm and happy temperament. It requires a woman of dignity and depth to take the part of a rollicking chambermaid and



some dashing shady sort of creature would act that quiet, modest part to perfection."

"And it needs an innocent old fellow like you to do the heavy villain, eh?" jested Gastonberry.

But the Major had his cue and was striding on the stage, and Janet retreated to the opposite side, a perfectly natural movement, for anybody might well have been frightened at the Major's make-up that night.

At this juncture there came a scene not down in the text.

A young lady who had been leaning over the rail of one of the proscenium boxes, intently gazing at the heroine of the play, hurriedly arose and whispered a few excited words to the richly dressed, elderly lady who sat beside her. The next instant she had left the box, the patter of light feet sounded along the passage to the green room, and before anyone guessed what she was about, or the young lady herself realized where her impetuous movement had carried her, she had seized Janet's hands, in full sight of the audience, and was crying out:

"Oh, you dear, dear girl! Where have you been all this time?"

Of course the curtain went down in a hurry, but the play was fortunately so little advanced that many were uncertain whether the incident might not prove to be a legitimate portion of it, and the most of them forgot all about it before the evening was over. But when the curtain rose again no one could complain of any lack of animation on the part of the leading lady. The girl no longer remembered the audience, but threw herself into her part with a fervor that electrified all who beheld her.

"By Jove! Who'd have thought it

was in her?" raved the Major; and forthwith he and Gastonberry began to lay plans for the organization of a stock company to storm the country towns, with Miss Duncan for the leading lady.

"Did you see that little Morgan girl rush on the stage?" one young man in the audience asked another. "Awfully swell people, the Morgans. Wonder how the young actress came to know them."

Tom Seymour alone, superintending arrangements at the rear of the stage, saw and heard nothing of this curious episode, and later in the evening he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to listen to the gossip around him.

The curtain fell on the play, and the participants hastened from the stage; only Janet Duncan lingered, a look of anxiety and apprehension on her sweet face, glancing furtively at the wings, starting at the sound of a hurried foot-step, like a bird about to take its flight.

Tom Seymour, in the semi-darkness, recognized the slight figure shrinking back in the shadow of one of the flats, and came directly to her.

As he drew near he observed the strange brilliance that excitement had lent her eyes, and the tired droop of her figure, and an impulse that he was no longer able to resist, overmastered him.

"The manager of one of the first eastern theaters was in the audience tonight," he said, possessing himself of her small hands and looking down into her innocent blue eyes, now raised to him with a look of childish appeal. "Janet, he wishes to produce the play in the east. He has offered me a round sum for the right. Oh, Janet, it is not much. I know I ought not to speak now.

But I cannot stand it to see you drudging away as you have done, my darling!"

He had taken the trembling little form into his arms, and was drawing her close to the breast that was to shield her forevermore from the storms and struggles of the great world that she had found it so hard to meet. Her face was lifted to his, and in another moment their lips would have met, when a stir and confusion in the wings arrested their attention, and Janet slipped from his arms.

A portly lady, resplendent in satin and diamonds, bustled across the stage and up to Janet, taking the girl into a motherly embrace. Seymour recognized in the dame one of the most aristocratic society leaders in the city.

"Why, Janet, what does this mean? And why haven't the Dalrymples come for their letters? There, there! Don't trouble yourself about explanations now, dear child, but come with me at once. Eleanor is waiting outside. Poor girl! She is so impulsive; she is terribly ashamed of what she has done. There is a terrible draught here."

She completely ignored Seymour, who stood glowering in a corner, merely remarking, in a tone that reached his ears:

"Who is that savage-looking young man, my dear? One of the scene shifters? Really, Janet, he looks capable of any crime. It is not safe for you to be alone with him."

Janet gave one frightened, backward look, and was borne away. In the green-room there was a hurried exchange of confidences with the Dalrymples, brother and sister. Olive spoke but a single monosyllable, but into it were compressed more dramatic expression and depth of feeling than

she had put into the entire part she had played on the stage.

"Caught!" she groaned in a sepulchral tone.

Thus Janet was borne off into the gay crowd, out in the street, and back into a world where Bohemia had no part.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Who Are this Mr. Seymour and the Rest?

For a clearer understanding of the events narrated in the preceding chapter, it will be necessary to go back about two weeks, and to make a trip across the continent.

On the morning of the 15th of March, David Duncan, capitalist and broker, doing business at No. —, Wall Street, New York, sat puzzling over a letter of extravagant length, written in a running, girlish hand, dear and familiar to his eyes, and which read as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, —

DEAR OLD PAPA:—You reproach me for not telling you enough of the details of my daily life, but you truly would forgive me if you could see how very busy I am all the time. I think there is something in the atmosphere of this western city that stimulates one to activity. Everybody I meet seems to be lull of plans and absorbed in work, and what is more, happy in doing it. I don't think I can ever again be the careless, indolent girl I used to be, and I am going to make you some muffins, papa dear, when I come home, that will make your eyes open wide.

The papers here told us all about that shameful deal in Lackawanna stock. What a mean, mean man that Mr. Simpson is, to play such a trick on one of his best friends? But I am glad you paid him back on the Erie.

"Papa, I can make a better dish of pilat than Francois, and I know now

what was the matter with the bread that time Nora scoured the city to find some yeast that would 'rise.' She let the yeast stand on the range, and the yeast germs settled to the bottom and were scalded and killed. You need never worry any more about changing or breaking in new servants, for I have learned enough to save us all from starving, and if it should become necessary, assure you I shall go into the kitchen and prepare the food myself. You know I always loved to cook, and I don't doubt I would have distinguished myself in that line long ago, if Diana hadn't kept me in her society shackles and insisted it was a vulgar tendency that must be eradicated. But you remember that time when we were camping in the Adirondacks, and Francois burned his hand, and that venison steak I did to such a beautiful turn? Don't be amazed at my new accomplishment. Cooking schools are all the rage now, and girls of good family attend them here.

"Father mine, I want to have a good, long talk with you when I come back, and you may prepare to be amazed at what I shall propose. There is so much I want to do. You do not know how small and inferior I have come to feel, or how deficient my education seems in all that is practical or really useful. There are people whose station of life I have always been taught to consider beneath mine, who are so much my superiors in every way that it shames and distresses me to think how poorly I have used my opportunities. I wish you could know a young artist, Vesta Mathieu, who lives alone with her mother, poor as church mice, both of them, yet with an atmosphere of refinement and high purpose about them, while the girl, a true lady, drudges away at her easel from morning until night. And there are multitudes of others, people of the truest culture, many of them owning abilities far above the common, living in attics and back chambers, content to do without many comforts and every luxury, if only they may follow the work they love. I never can be con-

tent to go back to my old purposeless life.

"Don't be alarmed, father dear. I have no ambition to step out of the domestic circle, or to lead a professional life, though I assure you that some of the women who do, are just as lovely and ladylike as any of our set. But I do want to reach an honest, thorough culture, and to do something really worth while, if it is only to mend your precious socks, or feed the children, the hungry little children, living up blind alleys.

I have come to realize more of the sorrow and privation and trouble that exist in the world about us, since I came to San Francisco. Do you know that respectable, *very respectable*, people sometimes get into such financial straits that they are obliged to eat their bread without butter? Butter does reach such a horribly high price here, early in the winter. What is the price of butter now in New York?

"I see Olive and Cliffe Dalrymple frequently. Cliffe sometimes gets tickets for the theatre from—the ticket office, and sometimes a friend of his, a Mr. Seymour, a journalist, goes with us. I wish you knew him father. He has a look on his face that reminds me of brother Willie \* \* \* and I like to think that if Willie had lived he would have made such a man, so brave, so noble-hearted, so unselfish and so honorable.

There is another thing I have been wanting to speak about.

"I wish you would all give up that silly notion about Cliffe Dalrymple and me. There is a great deal more to Cliffe than I ever dreamed before. I used to feel an affectionate contempt for him, whereas now I am beginning to look on him with genuine respect. But if he were the only man in the world I would not marry him. I want only to be your faithful little daughter, and to never, never leave you again as long as I live.

"Give my love to Diana, and tell her it worries me to think how she spends half her life (perhaps the whole of it, now that I am away), fussing over

the Hottentots, when there is destitution and suffering all around her, among people of our own race.

"Your loving daughter,

"JANE DUNCAN."

The stockbroker read and re-read this letter, with an expression of helpless bewilderment. He finally put it back in its envelope, and started up with an air of decision.

"I must see Diana!" he said.

A day or so later the following letter sped on its way to San Francisco:

"NEW YORK, March 16,——.

"MY DEAR MRS. MORGAN:—Father received a long letter from Janet yesterday, which has really worried me, and I have concluded to write you myself, as an old and trusted friend, and make a clean breast of my perplexities.

"When it was arranged that Janet should spend the winter in California, I need not tell you that we felt perfectly safe in trusting her to the escort of such nice, well bred young people as the Dalrymples, as well as in placing her under your good, conservative influences. But I am afraid she has been disregarding your wishes, and pursuing chance acquaintances with some very peculiar people. She seems to have become possessed of the most quixotic views for a girl of her class to entertain, and to be distressing herself with reflections that need never disturb her young mind. Father laughs good naturedly over this, and seems half inclined to sustain her in her novel interests and ambitions; but ever since our mother died, in Janet's babyhood, I have felt a maternal responsibility regarding my little sister, and do not feel that I can permit her to imbibe such radical notions, without at least a protest. I am sure that it is all due to these queer people, with whom she has somehow become acquainted.

"Now I want you to do me a special favor. In a letter to father, a few weeks ago, Janet raved over a picture that an artist, a young girl named Mathieu, had just painted. It seems that she is poor, and the child grieves

because she does not find the recognition that she fancies she deserves. I don't really think Janet is a competent judge, but I wish you would purchase the picture in your name, without Janet's knowledge, and send it on to me, that I may have it hung in the child's boudoir, as a surprise to her when she comes home. I enclose a check for a thousand dollars. Pay the artist double her price. I can never bear to haggle over a work of art. I don't care much for such people personally, but it always seems as if they put so much thought and feeling into their work, and probably build such hopes upon it, that to discuss the price would be like bargaining for a bit of the sky, or a fragment of a human soul. If you have anything left, turn it over to Janet, and tell her to distribute a sufficient number of butter firkins among those poor people who have no butter on their bread, to relieve their wants for this season, and to then discharge her mind of any responsibility concerning them. It would not surprise me if the child's charity began with herself, for she was seized with some ridiculous notion of economy when she went away, and would not let father give her but fifteen hundred dollars to spend while she was gone; and she has not sent for any more since. You and I know how far that will go toward paying a young lady's expenses, especially when leading the gay life I know she has enjoyed this winter.

"Your devoted friend,

"DIANA SOMERS."

P. S.—One clause in Janet's letter has troubled me more than I can tell, although father, dear old innocent, does not see anything suspicious in it. You and I know that when a girl begins to talk of never marrying, and of spending all her life in solitary spinsterhood and daughterly devotion, she is on the very brink of matrimony. And if it is not Cliffe Dalrymple, then who is it?

Who are this Mr. Seymour and the rest?

*Flora Haines Loughead.*  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DESERT OF SAHARA.

SAHARA, in Africa, is deemed the largest desert on the face of the earth, being one-half the size of Europe, and yet it constitutes only part of a larger which extends, with interruptions, eastward through central Asia, and forms a belt equal to one-third the circumference of the globe. The aridity of soil which characterizes this belt of land is caused by the dryness of the air which sweeps its surface, and this again is due to the air-currents which blow across it traversing immediately beforehand no great expanse of water. The African portion of this desert lies about half within, and half beyond, the Torrid Zone; and it is by nearly a third of its area west of the meridian of London. In its greatest length it stretches east and west, and is twice as long as it is broad, being twenty-five hundred miles by, on the average, twelve hundred. It is not, as was for long thought, a low level waste of mere drifting sand, but an immense table-land of in the main, from 1000 to 1500 feet in height, with here and there, particularly in the east and center, minor plateaus, and even mountains of from 4000 to 5000 feet high. Large tracts and dunes of sand, indeed, abound, but naked, rocky surfaces also extend on all hands. Most of its area is composed of firm soil, of solid masses of indurated sand, of sandstone and granite, which occasionally rise into peaks and ridges, and are cleft into deep, wild ravines, the whole of even, sombre aspect at times, and entirely without vegetation. Examined geologically, it would doubtless exhibit the usual rock varieties, but the only mineral it has yet been made to yield to man's necessities is rock-salt, which in one part exists so plentifully as to afford material for building houses.

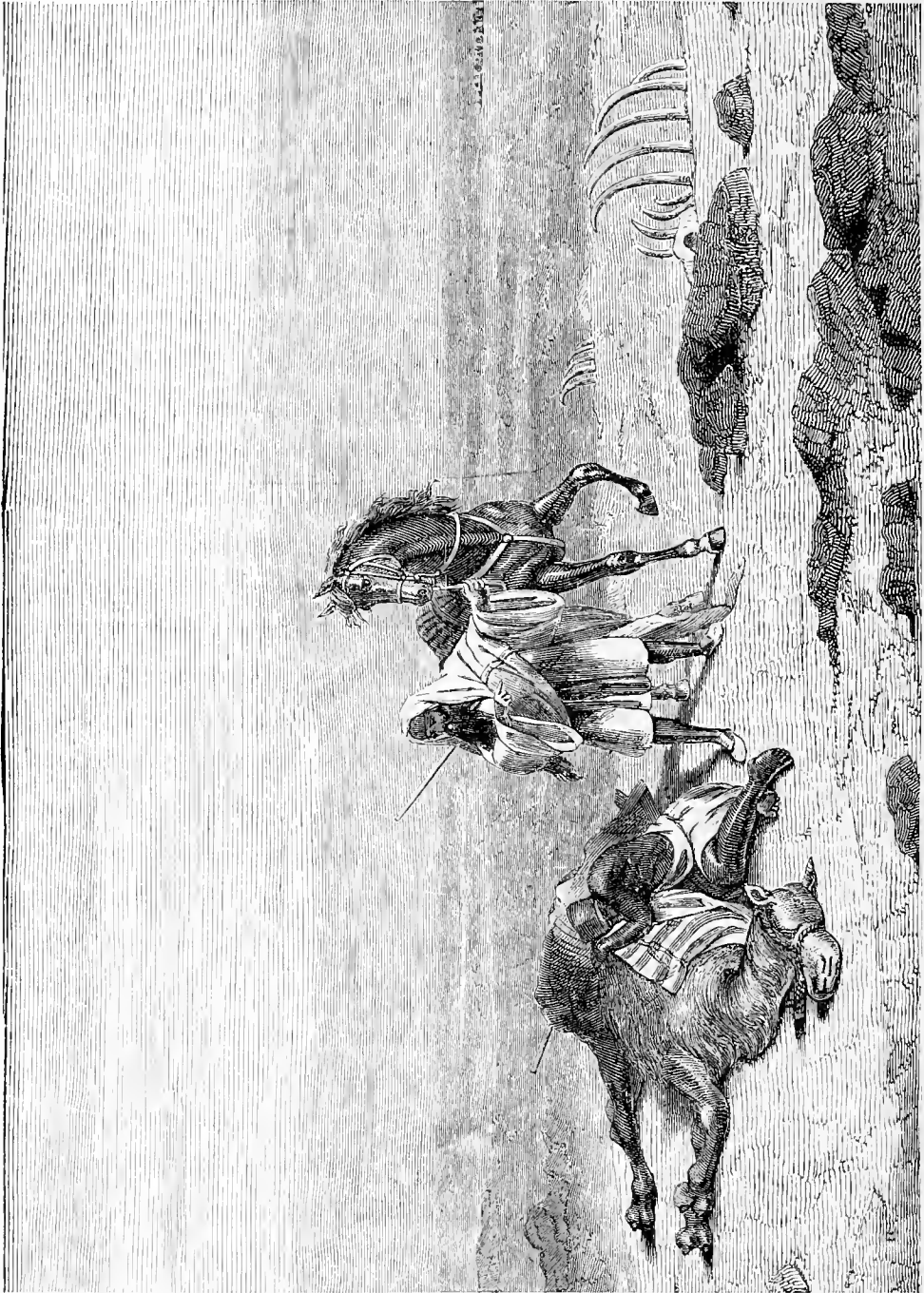
Proof there is that it was once, and at no distant date geologically, the bed of a sea in communication with the Mediterranean, and this the abundance of salt, shells and other marine remains establishes beyond all cavil.

The sand with which the desert abounds has, under the action of the sun's heat, and the impulse of the winds, been extensively divided into a subtle powder, which, when the hurricane rages, swells, moves, rolls, and labors like the waves of the sea, and sometimes rises into hills that have been sounded and found to be 3000 feet deep. These fine particles have as much mobility among themselves as those of water, and obey in a mass the same laws. Sahara resembles the ocean, too, in its vastness and in the sense of silence and solitude, with which, when calm, it impresses the voyager. Like the ocean, it has its green islands, its wave-stricken shores and dangers. At night, its surging masses, which by day heave in alternate lines of dark shade and dazzling sunshine, are seen to emit a phosphorescence resembling that of the waves of the equatorial ocean. In keeping with this observed analogy it is, that the modern Arab and the fairy legend agree in calling the camel, on which from time immemorial this sand-sea has been traversed by man, "the ship of the desert." Perched on the back of this invaluable and hardy creature, the traveler, like the sailor, has no other method of determining his bearings and directing his course, but his mariner's compass and knowledge of the stars. Sahara, in brief, has its pilots, pirates, and perils, the same as the liquid desert we name the ocean.

Sahara has, for ages, been crossed along different lines of route by com-

panies of men, mounted on camels, called caravans, and these, as they happen to assemble at the place of rendez-

vous, have been known to number as many camels as two thousand. These caravans, however picturesque at start-



DYING OF THIRST.



ing, at halting, or on route, are often exposed to perils to which even sailors are strangers. Except meeting, mayhap, now and then another company they will travel on for days without descriing a single living creature, tree, grass-blade, or even lichen—without being able to trace the least vestige of anything with the principle within it of organic life,—nothing discoverable anywhere to the oppressed spirit but a weary waste of rock and sand. The heat, too, caused by the direct and reflected rays of a burning sun, shaded by not even a single cloud, communicates to the soil and atmosphere an absolutely scorching quality, so that you breathe an air sometimes at 120 deg., and pass over a surface heated to 150 deg. At night, such is the radiation of heat from the soil into unclouded space, that water, owing to the quantity of heat thus abstracted, will freeze before morning, and so small a quantity of vapor is there in the atmosphere, that the rising sun is preceded by no twilight, but announces itself at once on the horizon as a ball of fire. But of all the perils to which the traveler in this desert is exposed, the greatest and most dreadful are those which accompany the simoon. This is a hurricane, which after a brief array of doomsday-like warnings, bursts over its expanse like a blast from a seven-fold heated furnace, parching up the very blood in the body, and choking and suffocating with burning dust the mouth and nostrils of men and beasts. This last is so penetrating that, in spite of every precaution, it will, in many cases, stop up the air passage, arrest respiration, and, as in drowning, suspend life. And even when it is not thus immediately fatal, the rapid evaporation the heat induces, dries the skin and en-

genders inflammation, fever, and a maddening thirst. In 1805, the simoon destroyed thus a caravan of two thousand persons, and nearly as many camels, and everywhere in these deserts the traveler comes upon memorials of its desolating ravages, in the whitened skeletons of men and camels. In this region there is no dew, and seldom, except on the mountains, any rain, not oftener than once in ten, or even twenty years, and then it seems "it never rains, but it pours." The rains, which fall on the mountainous districts, which they do in tropical showers from time to time for some months every year, either immediately evaporate again, or percolate the soil. What the soil, or rather sand, absorbs in this way, gives rise in all probability to the underground waters, which the Arabs, from immemorial times, in many quarters, come upon by digging to various depths below; and the presumed universal presence of which here, has led them to designate Sahara by a name signifying the "Island that floats on a subterranean sea." These subsoil-waters, so to speak, here and there, all over the desert, but principally towards the east and north, rise of themselves to the surface and appear as springs. The spots they irrigate are called Wadies, or Oases, and these are gardens for fertility, and paradises for beauty, yield dates, fruits in every variety, and grain, and support a population in many cases of several thousands. The springs by which the verdure of these spots subsists, and is nourished, are guarded by the natives as true holy wells, the filling, or the drying up, of which would convert it at once into a portion of the general surrounding waste. Nor is this contingency at all uncommon, as the scattered ruins of important vil-

lages too plainly testify. The Oases of Tebaich perished thus not many years ago, and today the stems of the palm-

date-tree is the life of these green spots in the wilderness, and the date, like the palm-tree, must, as the Arabs say,



CAMPING AT AN OASIS.

trees may be seen standing out of the sand, which buries it, like the masts of the ships of some stranded fleet. The

have "its feet in the water and its head in the fire." Without the palm-trees there had been no oases; without the

oases no world for man to occupy; and so the natives say, that God made the palm-tree when He made man.

Not the least striking phenomenon witnessed by the wayfarer in these solitudes is that known in optics as the *mirage*. Of the effects of this the most wonderful accounts are given, and the deception it produces has misled the inexperienced and the unwary from the earliest ages. Often, as the caravan journeys over the desert—all the company, it may be, foredone with fatigue, maddened with thirst, and nearly blinded with the light reflected from the burning sand—will they descry on the verge of the horizon what seems a glistening as of water and a waving of palm-trees. Nay, in these circumstances, it is said, the eye will discern in the distance now smiling landscapes, and now verdant islands, here rivers flowing between fertile banks, and there cities with their mosques; while again, at other times, is clearly visible a caravan halting under the date-clusters, with the camels browsing on the herbage, or quenching their thirst by the palm-tree wells. Deceived by visions of this nature, and goaded by thirst, the traveler will oftentimes turn aside from the route in quest of water, following to his ruin the specious but seductive illusion, as it recedes before him beckoning him on and on. Much of exaggeration as there may be in the accounts of these illusions, there can be no doubt of their reality; for, strange as they are, they are easily explained, and are a necessary result of the heat communicated by the sun to the soil of the desert. This heat is so intense at times as to render the layer of air which rests immediately upon the soil considerably rarer than the air above, which latter we may conceive of as an ocean of

water resting upon the former as on an undulating shallow atmosphere of air. Where these meet at their surfaces there is a mirror created, in which objects are reflected just as they are, for example, in a lake where the air is above and the water below. The images in the case here are reflections, more or less distorted of some real objects at no great distance beyond, or, as for most part happens, some particular aspect of the sky. In this last instance, the color of the sky will reflect itself in this mirror with more or less of undulation, according to the undulation created in the lower stratum of air. Such is the mirage, and the images it creates owe their fantastic forms to the combined action of the agitation in the atmosphere of the desert and the feverish excitement in the brain of the thirsty traveler as he traverses its wastes. *J. G. M.*

#### HOW MY FATHER BECAME RICH.

CLICK! click! The front gate opened and closed. I felt the bright blood rush to my face, and then recede, leaving it very white.

There was a cause for the nervous shock I received by the mere sound of the raising and dropping of the gate latch; and perhaps I may as well explain it now, as at any later period.

Three days before, Clinton Haws had declared so definitely to me that he was in love with a certain girl that I could not doubt his sincerity. And when he clearly proved to me that for the last two years almost every effort of his life had been in some way fraught with a determination to make himself worthy of and also win the girl; and, further, that the girl was none other than my very self, I could not, for gratitude's sake,

do otherwise than yield the palm and frankly confess that his tender passion was reciprocated.

But when he went on to say that because he was poor he had hesitated to ask me to become his wife, to leave a home of comfort and ease, for nothing but his love, and the scanty provision he was able to offer, I hesitated too. Not but that I felt assured of his love for me, and mine for him; but I was not quite brave enough, not quite humble enough to face the "what would the world say?" when I thought of its becoming cognizant of the fact that Inez, eldest daughter of L. George Everet, Esq. (the wealthiest man in Everton), had married an obscure young man, with no bank account, no railroad bonds, and no flourish at the end of his name.

Clinton marked my embarrassment, and asked me how long a time I wanted in which to decide whether we would marry soon, wait for an indefinite length of time while he should go away and earn money, or if because I could not make the required sacrifice he should have to give me up to be won by some more fortunate man than himself.

I told him three days, and—well, we had entered upon the third day, but I did not expect him till evening; and that was why the click of the gate latch, at ten o'clock in the morning, so unnerved me. Longing, yet dreading to see him, I was still unprepared with my answer.

Mother had just left home, with one of the younger children, to visit a family who needed help; father was sitting by the window reading the morning paper, and I was tying up honeysuckles and morning glories on the front porch.

As the person who had entered the

gate came slowly up the walk, I did not turn round, nor even raise my eyes to greet him. But father did, and came out on the porch to meet him, just as my uneasiness subsided in the conviction that it was not Clinton, after all.

A shaggy, careworn, dusty-looking man it was whom father, after a close scrutiny, warmly greeted as an old, old friend, whose name was Natt.

Father did not notice me, and I escaped an introduction; but as they were soon seated beside the open window, I could hear their conversation, in which I at once became deeply interested.

"Well, George," said the visitor, "it is twenty-two years since we parted, I to go abroad and make a fortune, so that my lady love could be content in marrying me, and we could set up housekeeping in good style, like our rich neighbors. The fortune did not come in my way, so I did not return until now.

"My girl waited for me four years, and then married a wealthy, middle-aged man, whom she had previously detested, and died of consumption two years later.

"You think I look old and worn-out; but if you knew the dangers, the hardships, the hair-breadth escapes, the hopeless days and wretched nights through which I have passed, you would wonder that I make as good an appearance as I do. Now, give me your story."

"Do you remember, Natt," said my father, "that when you were going away I told you I had already found my fortune, without going off to seek it? I spoke more truly than I was then aware.

"When my girl heard me talk of

leaving her for the object of making money, she said emphatically, 'No! why should we separate for uncertainties when we are happy in each other's love? It will not take much for us to live on for a few years, and we can be gaining and saving a little, so that when we need more we shall have it.'

"I have since learned that a little unstudied speech like that often contains more philosophic sense than can be found in many a labored volume.

"We got married, decided to settle on this piece of ground, and to grow up with the little town which was then just starting here. I hewed out some logs and put up a cabin, in which we spent our first year of married life, as happily, I believe, as any young couple ever could live, be they ever so rich.

"Our second summer here was an unusually hot and dry one. How I suffered with the heat sometimes, while working out in the middle of the day! But my wife found a remedy for that trouble, and I have always advocated it as among the best.

"A few days after the Fourth of July I gave out entirely one morning about half-past eleven o'clock. We had indulged in a few, simple luxuries on the Fourth, and I felt the need of something more of the same sort. So as I sank into a chair by the table where my wife was preparing dinner I said to her, 'I'm going over to that little restaurant and get a dish of ice cream, or a glass of soda-water; I can't stand this terrible heat without something of the kind.'

"'The heat is dreadful,' she answered; 'but I have found a beautiful way of reviving oneself and it doesn't cost anything.'

"She insisted on my trying her beautiful plan which consisted of an

all-over bath in tepid water, and a few moments' relaxation on the bed. I tried it, and it acted like magic; removed, or helped me to forget the longing for cream or drink, and completely rested me, besides saving the money I should have spent at the restaurant.

"Working an hour earlier in the morning and an hour later at night, and taking a good, long nooning, was another excellent method my wife prevailed on me to adopt.

"As sure as this world, Natt, more than half my good fortune and present comfortable circumstances are due to the loving patience and wise management of my blessed wife."

It was just sunset when Clinton came that evening. I was watering the roses and lilacs, and half hidden by the bushes. The blushes which suffused my cheeks when the gate opened this time remained and deepened as my lover approached me. There was no occasion for my turning pale now, my mind was made up.

"Have you decided, Inez?" were his first words, as he paused beside me.

"Yes," I answered promptly, slipping my hands into his.

"And what is your decision?"

"We will be married just as soon as you please."

"My heroine! My brave little Inez!" said my Clinton, warmly. And in acknowledgment of the pretty compliment, I allowed him to take me in his arms.

After a long, happy kiss of positive betrothal, he suddenly asked,

"What if your father objects to an early marriage?"

"I have no idea of his doing so," I answered; "but if he should, I will simply tell him, I can do as my mother has done!"

*Mary Grace.*

## DR. THORSTEINN JOHNSON.

THE subject of this sketch, Dr. Thorsteinn Johnson, is a district physician of the Westmanna Islands, Iceland. He was born in the Floa District, near the south coast of that country, of poor, but industrious, honest and intelligent parents. That his father, John Thorsteinnson, was of such a character I know from a personal acquaintance; and that Dr. Johnson's mother must have been of that kind, too, I do not doubt, as my opinion on that point is like Napoleon's—that a noble mother must have born so noble a son.

The old gentleman the Doctor's father, was a very well-read man, and of extraordinary memory. He could quote all the Icelandic sagas, consisting of no less than thirty volumes, with astonishing accuracy, and had, so to speak, all the poets of that country at his tongue's end; besides, he was a pleasant conversationalist. He delighted in telling me about his son Thorsteinn's indefatigable diligence to gain knowledge, while yet a mere youth. As an example, he told me that no matter how tired the boy was, the first thing he did as soon as he came into the house, was to pick up a book and commence reading; and, said he, after he began his studies, taking into consideration the adverse circumstances he must face, it was almost a miracle how he succeeded. Undoubtedly the Lord was with him in all his undertakings, troubles and trials during his college days.

Those in our country who with an empty purse have undertaken to gain education, and due to insufficient means been compelled to work part of the year to make money to pay their college expenses, can imagine what a struggle it must be in such a country as Iceland

to pull through an eight years' college course, where it is impossible for a man to earn more than five or six dollars a month during the summer season, and in most cases less than that. But whatever difficulties Dr. Johnson had to combat in his college days, the records of the University of Reykjavik show that he was always at the head of his class, and graduated with high honors.

Having completed his studies, he married an honest, hard-working girl, of a like extraction as himself, and was shortly afterwards appointed a district physician to the Westmanna Islands, where he has been ever since, now upwards of thirty years; and filled many an important place of public trust, among other things serving faithfully as the people's representative from that district in the National Congress.

Shortly after his arrival on the islands it so happened that one of his patients was a young man at death's door with consumption, and no *materia medica* known in the allopathic school affording him relief, the only thing that could be done was to lance him; but there being no other surgeon that could be reached, he keenly felt the situation, and realized that such a surgical operation was fraught with real danger, and the results would be of momentous importance to him, as he was a young and untried surgeon. Hence the night before he was to perform the operation, he never slept a wink, but paced the floor of his drug department from night to morning. Those who know him as well as I do, will not doubt that Dr. Johnson during that night sent many a heartfelt prayer up to Him who is the only Physician who has the life and death of all of us in His hands.



The next morning he operated on the young man, who soon got well, and he told me himself last when I saw him, about ten years later, that he had never since felt any sign of that ailment. This is only one case of many equally difficult that the doctor has had to deal with; and it appears to me that he has always been under the special care and blessing of Providence in all things. He is at present the most popular man, not on those islands only, but in all the neighboring country. As a proof of this, if anyone needs advice he always goes to Dr. Thorsteinn, as they call him, if he can be reached.

He has always been a true and tried friend to the Elders that have been sent up there to proclaim the Gospel. Not only has he talked to them and been friendly to them, but he has received them with distinction and special respect. In the same manner has he been a firm friend to those who have embraced the Gospel on the islands. On one occasion some of the Saints were so destitute that they needed and applied for public assistance, which was denied them by the managers of the poor fund, on the ground that they were Mormons. Dr. Johnson hearing of this, voluntarily went to the officers concerned, demanding the same rights for the Saints as was allowed other citizens. His request was promptly met.

On the arrival of some emigrants from Iceland in Spanish Fork a few years ago, one poor man belonging to the Church, who knew me in the old country said: "This hat that I now wear, Dr. Johnson took from his head, and these boots from off his feet, and gave them to me before I left, as I had none and no means to get any."

One of the doctor's sons, being more

inclined to do physical than mental work, his father concluded to send him to America. Before he sent him off he wrote to me: "My son does not wish to take college education, so I intend to send him to America, as I know that country offers better opportunities to a laboring man than does Iceland. I have concluded to send him to Utah, as I know he is much safer among your people than elsewhere, and I shall be very thankful to anyone who in any manner aids or assists him." The young man having been several years in Spanish Fork, is happy, and well pleased with his surroundings.

Mrs. Dr. Johnson, being of a generous and charitable disposition, enjoys great popularity and has been no less a friend to the Saints than her distinguished husband. It is my hope and prayer that they may see fit to cast their lot with the people of the Lord. But whether they do or not, I feel certain that on that great and awful day, when everyone shall be judged according to his works, Dr. Thorsteinn Johnson and his venerable wife will receive this joyful announcement from Him who said that whosoever should give even a drink of cold water in the name of a disciple should in no wise lose his reward: "What thou didst unto one of these little ones, thou didst unto me."

*John Thorgeirson.*

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WE are all the time making character, whether we are doing anything else or not

WHEN love sits at the helm and little daily successes crown our active labors, we shall find the highest enjoyment in our pursuits which the world can offer us.

### PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

[A paper read before the Salt Lake Stake Sunday School Union, September 17, 1894, by Miss Agnes Sharp, member of the Twentieth Ward Normal Class.]

IN order to properly consider this subject, it is important to arrive at a definition of the term "Sunday School," as that term will be frequently employed in this brief lecture.

Definition—A Sunday School is an agency of the Church by which the word of God is taught by proficient and righteous teachers. Its authority is God's Church; its subject matter, God's written word to His people; its form of teaching includes a free use of questions and answers; its membership includes, chiefly, children: its arrangement is by groups, presided over by one or more teachers.

The Sunday School with its essential characteristics, as thus defined, existed in the ancient Jewish church, but like the origin of the synagogue, its date is not fixed with accuracy in Jewish history. It was a chief factor in the Christian Church in the declared plans of its mighty Founder. In the Bible is contained many instances of the existence of the Sunday School or Bible school. History tells us that the elementary schools of the Jewish system of education were Bible schools, corresponding quite closely in their essential features with our modern Sunday Schools. Indeed the chief value of the synagogues themselves, in the estimation of the Jews, was as a means of promoting the study and teaching of the law. "The main object of the Sabbath day assemblages in the synagogues," says a noted historian, "was not public worship in its strictest sense; that is, not devotion, but religious

instruction and this for an Israelite, was, above all, instruction in the law." Time will not permit any further mention of these religious facts, but we can clearly see that the ancient Bible schools of the Jewish system correspond closely to our Sunday Schools.

Passing to the first part of my subject, I will but briefly consider the principles of teaching in the Sunday Schools.

I. The thought, theme, or topic of a Sunday School lesson ought to be one which has value in and of itself, and which is worthy of the teacher's whole interest apart from its use in connection with a class. A common and very serious mistake that Sunday School teachers make, is in supposing that the importance of the lesson to be taught lies in the manner and the phraseology of its presentation. They should remember that a child values a fresh, strong thought, and he is quick to catch it when it is clearly placed before his mind.

II. Fit all great truths and facts to the capacity and the tastes of your class.

III. Paint vivid and perfect pictures. Remember that any great thought or truth loses none of its force by being expressed in simple language, and illustrated in familiar figures. Illustration as a means of making truth clearer is of great value in all teaching. The main requisites of teaching truths to children are: 1, an important theme; 2, an obviously fitting text; 3, a well-defined and easily-remembered outline plan; 4, simplicity in language; 5, clearness of statement, with such helps of illustration as will make the statement clearer; and, 6, explicit application of the subject truths as applied to the class.

A knowledge of the science of teaching is very important in teachers' meetings and normal classes, but when it comes down to teaching a lesson in the Sunday School work, a teacher must be familiar with the art of teaching or he cannot teach. To some Sunday School teachers a class is a class—a pupil is a pupil—and every lesson is to be taught in the self-same, monotonous way, and yet they wonder why their class is restless. There is an instance recorded of a minister who preached the same sermons to soldiers during the time of the Civil War as he preached during the time of peace, yet he did not understand why his hearers failed to be interested. There are some Sunday School teachers like that preacher, as far as wisely knowing the requirements of their class. Prof. Stewart tells us that all moral or religious teaching to be effective must give the learner a glow of pleasure. Every child should be stimulated with Christ's glorious words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." The home, first, then the Sunday School are the places for the development of morality. Many children fail to gain this in the home, and if they attend Sunday School you see that the teacher's work is two-fold, hence their work should be impressive and of the highest order. This leads to preparation, which I will briefly consider:

I. The teacher must know what he is to teach, and this necessitates an intelligent study of his lesson, while the pupils to be taught are before his mind.

II. The teacher must consider the capabilities of his class as a whole and his scholars individually.

III. Teachers must know the essential points in the lesson which they

intend their scholars to know by their teaching.

IV. Teachers must have well fixed in their minds the facts of the lesson, the implied doctrines, and their application.

V. Teachers must know, before they present the lesson, just what they wish their pupils to know by their teaching.

The Sunday School teacher needs more preparation—more diligent thought and study—than the day school teacher. Why? Because his work is on a loftier scale, and to him is partially entrusted the development of the higher and moral qualities of his class. The development of those qualities that will make the grand and noble men and women that will hereafter rule Zion. Remember, without culture man becomes a brute. Without divine thought and purpose, man becomes low and degraded; but give him a standard of morality, something to live for, and he sees he was created in the image of his Father. Every Sunday School teacher should strive to implant in the child those glorious thoughts—those tender seeds for the harvest of immortality—that will assist him in gaining entrance to his Father's kingdom. No teacher can lay claim to being a teacher unless he sees from the beginning what the end will be, for preparation is a forecast of results. Man is useful in life because of his ability to give out, and thorough preparation on the part of the teacher educates thought and memory. Concise and effective study draws out the experience and ideas of every pupil. This brings before the mind the important law of teaching—"Know thoroughly the child and the subject." Teaching commands, first, "Know yourself that you may know the child." Second, "Live close to the living,

growing, loving child." Third, "Know thoroughly what you would teach."

#### METHODS.

Class methods vary as subjects and teachers vary, and the method is determined by the teacher, the class, and the subject. Every Sunday School teacher should strive to discover the method best adapted to his class. The great question is not, "What are the different approved methods of teaching?" nor, "What method of teaching is most commonly successful in the Sunday School?" but, "What method of teaching can I adopt in the teaching of this lesson to my class?" or, "How can I cause my pupils to know the truths which I know and want them to know?"

Teachers must bear in mind that they are instructors, and that teaching is presenting a subject to the mind in such a manner as to cause it to think, to reason, or to gain knowledge.

#### METHODS OF TEACHING.

##### *I. Interrogative Method.*

1. Definition.—By skillful questioning the pupil is led to discover truth. In this method religious subjects are explained from the standpoint of the learner, while the teacher stimulates and directs. This brings in the principle that the pupil, not the teacher, should do the work. This was the method of Socrates, one of the greatest thinkers and teachers the world has ever known.

2. Use.—This method gives originality and exposes error.

3. Advantages.—Develops the art of questioning, which is better than telling, and the pupils are led by easy steps from the known to the unknown.

##### *II. The Topic and Question Method.*

1. Definition.—The subject is examined by topics, and the understand-

ing of the pupils is tested by questions. By means of this method the pupils are led to think and form original questions and answers, thus the preparation is tested.

2. Use.—This method is the basis in class work.

3. Danger.—Class work may degenerate into mere recitation. This method should not be used extensively in primary teaching because too much topic work does not encourage vigor and thoughtfulness on the part of the teacher, and they often use it as a means for shirking work.

4. Advantages.—Subjects are examined systematically, and the pupils acquire the art of connected discourse.

##### *III. The Discussion Method.*

1. Definition.—In this method the pupils define and prove their thoughts and statements.

2. Use.—Discussion calls for the best effort of the pupils.

3. Danger.—Care must be taken on the part of the teacher, or it may cause disputation instead of investigation.

##### *IV. The Conversation Method.*

1. Definition.—Facts and views are stated and questions are asked and answered by pupils and teacher. In the use of this method the teacher must be well prepared and work for results. This was the method of Christ and the perfect model lessons of Luke and Matthew should be studied by every Sunday School teacher.

2. Use.—Stimulates and directs original investigation.

3. Danger.—Time may be used in mere talking, but a wise teacher knows to what extent conversation or discussion should be carried.

4. Advantage.—The pupils feel that they are doing the work. This method

stimulates true teaching and the result is real education.

*V. The Lecture Method.*

1. Definition.—The teacher clearly and concisely and systematically presents the subject. The learner listens intently and firmly fixes the topics and facts in his mind.

2. Use.—For advanced work.

3. Abuse.—Its use in lower departments.

4. Advantages.—It inspires and directs effort.

The basis of every good teacher's work is founded on the principle of awakening the intellect of every individual scholar. A teacher should be the master of methods and not the slave. His mind should mingle with that of the learner, and he should breathe new life into his soul. But general class methods are used in all subjects and are common to all good teaching. They do not differ in the Sunday School, save that their application is on a higher and loftier scale. For as the day school prepares the way for a noble, practical life and work, so the Sunday School and other religious assemblies prepare the way for a pure life here and a glorious life hereafter. The Sunday School brings God's teachings into harmony with everyday life, and considers those subjects that will purify thought, elevate desire, and quicken conscience, thus stimulating and leading the soul onward and upward till the hoped-for happiness of heaven is attained.

Educators tell us, "In all of your teachings use easy words and apt illustrations." Think of the great teachers the world has known. Sunshine and clearness characterized all of their efforts. Sit at the feet of Jesus, the model Teacher, while He instructs His

disciples. Follow Socrates through the streets of Athens as he willingly imparts his knowledge to the assembled crowd. Listen to the masters of all ages as they hold spell-bound the waiting thousands. Read literature and you find that the greatest instructors of mankind followed this simple law and succeeded. Let us as Sunday School teachers move onward and upward with the shout of the age, until we can stand with, or even above the teachers of other churches. Remember we are to lead our pupils to that heavenly way we are striving to tread. Rugged though the path may appear it is lighted here and there by the lives of righteous men, and at the end stands Christ, the light of the human race.

**TEACH CHILDREN TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.**

CHILDREN should be taught to speak the truth, to hate a lie, and to be honest. It is unsafe to leave any class of children untaught. It is not for the interest and welfare of the community to do so. It is from the ignorant and the vicious that the pauper and criminal element chiefly comes. That is the burden which others are chiefly taxed to support. It is chiefly those who have no healthful home training, no church, no family altar, no Sabbath school. There are many who get no correct notions of right and wrong save what they get in school. At home and in the street they learn to lie, to steal, to fight, to get drunk, to use vile language. There, by precept and example, they get a knowledge of evil. It is more the duty of society to provide for the right education and proper training of all the children than it is to support the paupers and take care of the criminals. Prevention is better than cure.

## Our Little Folks.

### MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES.

A BLACKLEG passing through a town in Ohio, bought a hat for \$8 and gave in payment a \$50 bill. The hatter called on a merchant near by, who changed the note for him, and the blackleg having received his \$42 change went his way. The next day the merchant discovered the note to be a counterfeit, and called upon the hatter, who was compelled forthwith to borrow \$50 of another friend to redeem it with; but on turning to search for the blackleg he had left town, so that the note was useless on the hatter's hands. The question is, what did he lose—was it \$50 besides the hat, or was it \$50 including the hat?

What is the difference between twenty four quart bottles, and four and twenty quart bottles?

What is the difference between six dozen dozen, and half-a-dozen dozen?

A room with eight corners had a cat in each corner, seven cats before each cat, and a cat on every cat's tail. What was the total number of cats? Prove that seven is the half of twelve.

A gentleman rented a farm, and contracted to give to his landlord two-fifths of the produce; but prior to the time of dividing the corn, the tenant used 45 bushels. When the general division was made, it was proposed to give to the landlord 18 bushels from the heap, in lieu of his share of the 45 bushels which the tenant had used, and then begin to divide the remainder as though none had been used. Would this method have been correct?

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### Children of the Desert.

A DESERT is a dry, hot, sandy, barren tract of land. The Sahara Desert, the largest in the world, is situated in the northern part of Africa. It extends from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the Red Sea on the east. An oasis is a small fertile spot in a desert. Wheat, corn, and fruit trees grow on an oasis.

The Arabs, called Bedouins, live in the Sahara Desert. The name Bedouins means wanderers. They have no permanent home, but live in tents and wander around like the American Indians. Their tents are made of palm leaves, or of wheat straw, woven together, or, if the people are wealthy enough, they make tents of leather or canvas.

In the dry season, from November to May, they live along the banks of the river Nile. In the rainy season, from June to October, they make their home on the hills.

They are not a wealthy people, and the children have very few comforts. Their parents do not seem to care much for them. They are about one year old when they receive their first washing. It is very seldom they get one after that. They are a very lazy people; they have a proverb, which is, "Never run when you can walk; never walk when you can stand; never stand when you can sit."

The Bedouins have their meals very irregularly. They eat whenever they are hungry. Their food consists mostly of mush, milk and fruit. Their main fruit is dates. When they cannot get this, they satisfy themselves with grasshoppers.

The people of the desert do not have



a great amount of education. When they are quite young they learn a book called the Koran, which they learn to repeat verse by verse until the book is completed. Some can repeat the entire contents of this book. Their religion is called the Islam religion. They also learn many prayers and hymns. Very few of them can read or write. They like very well to sit by the camp fire and hear their friends and relatives tell fairy tales. They also like to compose verses and songs.

Boys and girls learn to ride at a very early age. If the father is wealthy enough, each one of the family has a horse. The camel is also ridden, but it is much harder to ride than is the horse; however, the boys have to learn. The camel is used to travel across the desert, because of its power to travel long distances without water. It can stand the heat, and go without food and water longer than any other beast of burden.

The boys learn to shoot, and throw the lance. If the girls do anything, they help their mothers prepare the food. Their dolls are different from ours in America; theirs are made of palm leaves and straw.

The boys are about sixteen years of age and the girls thirteen when they get married.

*Leila Kempe. Age 13.*

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#### THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

IN my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear

me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together. Ours is not the only country in which children must frequently begin, at an early age, to do their share of work and accustom themselves to make their way in life. I have found many instances among other races, and in other climates, of youthful courage and self-reliance, and strength of character, some of which I propose to relate to you.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia, and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles after which fruit-trees disappear, and nothing will grow in the short, cold summers except potatoes and a little barley. Farther inland, there are great forests and lakes, and ranges of mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer-sled can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time: the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much out-door work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their home in a warmer climate.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are either furnished by the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers, and when they are wanted a man or boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back. It would be quite an independent and convenient way of traveling, if the horses were always ready; but sometimes you must wait an hour or more before they can be furnished.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer-skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up

hill and down until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire. The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber-merchants were traveling the same way, and had taken the horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven

o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber-merchants; but his wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent porridge, potatoes, and stewed reindeer-meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Niels Petersen, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house tonight."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles

through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far tonight?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheep-skin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer-skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door was shut, and the horse started on his journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say.

"Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit."

So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes). "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "a little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more. But one

mile, you must remember, meant *seven*."

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out tonight we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plough down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. E. LLEWELYN.

1. Oh! hap - py days of childhood, When I was full of glee, Ex - ult - ing in my  
 2. I strayed a - way one morn - ing A truant, blithe and gay, Disdained my mother's  
 3. I roamed 'mid scenes of pleasure, With lit - tle playmates gay; I thought I was at  
 4. While thus so fas - ci - nat - ed, E - lat - ed with our play, 'Mong ru - ral scenes con -  
 5. Those days were tru - ly hap - py, My life was full of joy; At home so bright and

boy - hood, A round my mother's knee; With ro - sy cheeks so health - y, Un -  
 warn - ing, Un - til I lost my way; Con - tent - ed cull - ing flow - ers, That  
 leis - ure To run and romp all day; My young heart so de - light - ed, Thro'  
 tent - ed, Be - gull - ing time a - way, I heard my moth - er call - ing, And  
 mer - ry, Each day with - out al - ley; I knew no care, nor sor - row, So

selfish, meek and mild; I sang my songs so hap - py, At home a lit - tle child.  
 grew a - round me wild; In sun - ny pleasant hours, A robust lit - tle child.  
 meadows green beguiled; So merry and light - hearted, A ruddy lit - tle child.  
 then she came and smiled Up - on her lov - ing dar - ling, The truant lit - tle child.  
 pure and un - de - filed; I hailed each coming morrow With gladness, when a child.

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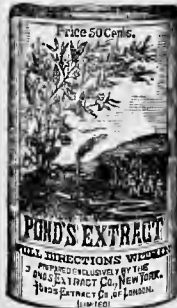
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**Catarrh**  
**Burns**  
**Piles**

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as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear  
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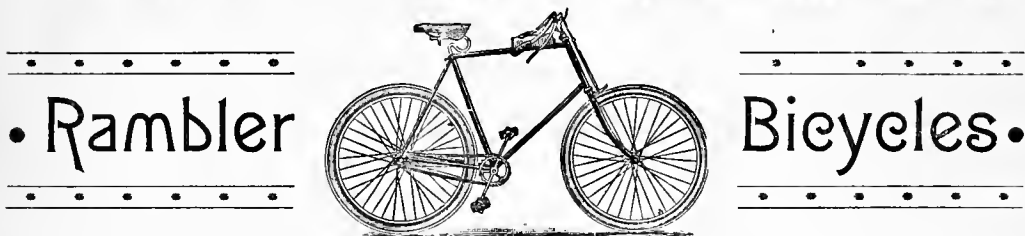
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